Winter Moon

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Winter Moon

by Anna_Jay

Summary

Vampires are not meant to take care of humans. It goes against their nature. But Will has never been a typical vampire.

Notes

inspired by malchanceux's Folk Horror

Will is going to kill the children. On accident, of course, but it will either be by his cooking or lack of control over his instincts. Will has a pretty strong hold over his instincts, so it is defiantly by cooking. He has no experience taking care of humans. He takes their lives, not try to sustain them.

The children were both terribly ill when he found them, one of them about to be eaten by the men holding them captive. It is strange to Will, the extremes humans will go to for survival. Never once has he thought to feed from another vampire to extend his own existence. It is unheard. Then again, as a vampire with no coven to call his own, perhaps it did happen but kept silent.

Will stirs the pot of boiling broth and brings a spoonful to his nose. It smells dreadful, but he is a vampire after all.

"That's not how mommy makes it," the little girl chirps. She's sitting at the kitchen table with her brother, who has been silent since he brought the siblings to his small cabin. Will can feel his irritation rise, but keeps it from his voice as he continues to stir.

"I'm not your mother, and I don't typically cook." He spoons two cups and brings them to the siblings. Both children look at the broth with suspicion, the boy more so than the girl. Will sighs. "It won't kill you" *I don't think anyway* "It'll help keep you warm and nourish you. With the winter and how the war has been I was lucky to find what I could."

The boy, Hannibal, wrinkles his nose and pushes the bowl away. The girl, Mischa, watches her brother and mimics him. Will is starting to think separating the two during meals is going to be the best way to get at least Mischa to eat. However, that will prove impossible since Hannibal refuses to be apart from his little sister. Will can't blame him, but it still annoyed all the same.

He misses when he had first brought them home. They were both on the brink of starvation; they ate anything he gave them. Will even added in a few droplets of his blood to help with the healing process. He could hear the rattle in Mischa's lungs, and he was concerned it would spread to Hannibal. It was the only time he was able to separate them, but not for long. Hannibal healed faster than Mischa, and Will found the boy on multiple occasions curled around his sister. Will would have admired the tenacious behavior if he wasn't trying to keep them both alive.

“When can we go home, Mr. Vampire?” Mischa asks. She is playing with the spoon, some of the contents spilling out onto the table. Will gently takes the spoon and the bowel away. “I miss mommy.”

Hannibal has a pained expression on his face, and Will quickly says, “I know, but the weather is too terrible for travel. We will have to wait until it gets better before you can return home.”

Hannibal lets out a silent sigh and gives Will a tiny, fleeting smile.

Will spoons the broth and holds it out to Mischa. “Let’s make a deal, shall we? You each eat at least half of the bowl and I’ll see if I can round up something sweet for you.”

Both children’s eyes light up at the prospect of sweets, and Will gives himself a mental pat on the back. Mischa takes the spoon without fuss. Hannibal gives the bowl one more stir before slowly sipping as well. Will watches them for a moment to make sure they are indeed eating before going for his search.

“Mr. Vampire?”

Will looks up from his book as Mischa eases the door open. She is pale and shivering.

“Hanni’s having a bad dream, again.”

Will closes his book and scoops up the little girl. She burrows her face into his shoulder and her shaking minimizes.

“Let’s go see if he’s okay,” Will soothes as he carries Mischa back to the room she and her brother share.

When they arrive, Hannibal is thrashing on the bed and whimpering. It makes Will’s vampire instincts scream *prey.* He sets Mischa at the end of the bed and sits beside her brother. He places his hand over Hannibal’s forehead and uses his powers to coax the boy into awareness. Hannibal, as expected, shoots up with a broken cry and a staggering breath. His maroon eyes rove wildly around the room until they land on his sister. He crawls over to her, and Will hears him quietly uttering her name. Nightmares are the only thing that can bring out Hannibal’s voice.

The siblings hold onto each other, both crying for different reasons: Hannibal for the visions and reliving memories; Mischa for the terror of seeing her older brother helpless. When they calm down, Will gathers the blankets around them and carries them back to his rooms. There is a large, unused bed the children often occupy when their dreams became too real. They didn’t fuss as Will arranges them, Mischa already asleep with Hannibal close behind her. Will uses his powers to influence their dreams to happier times. They both have a long recovery ahead of them. Mischa is young enough he could probably will her to forget everything that has happened. Hannibal on the other hand…

Will strokes the boy’s hair and returns to his desk. Time can only tell the children’s future. Until then he will look out and protect them from any harm.

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